

## Students' Union President Resigns

A bomb-shell was thrown into Students' Union affairs on Tuesday, when, at a special meeting of the Students' Council, Thos. H. Askin, the President of the Union, resigned. In his resignation statement, Mr. Askin said that he felt unable to carry on in his position as President of the Union.

Until the Council make further arrangements, Anna Wilson, Vice-President of the Union, will fill the vacated office.

## Great Efforts Will Be Put Forward In Dramatic Struggle

Each Class Confident of Success—All Will Be Ready For Great Competition on Dec. 7th—Much Talent Displayed

On Friday night, Dec. 7th, the Dramatic Society presents the annual interyear play competition in Convocation Hall. As in former years, the plays are four in number, representing the concerted efforts of the four classes. The program to be presented this session is, from the point of view of balance and variety, ahead of that given in any previous year. Two comedies, presented by the two lower classes, will offer welcome contrast to the deeper and more tragic themes chosen by the Juniors and Seniors. In addition, every effort is being made to obtain perfect smoothness in performance, with a minimum of time between productions. Thus, those who attend Interyear Playnight on December 7th are assured of an evening of variety and pleasure.

The best play, and the best actor and actress of the evening, will be chosen by three competent judges. There will also be a popular vote taken, as in previous years, the former decision only, however, being official.

### Plays Carefully Chosen

Much care has been expended by each class this year in the choice of both plays and casts. Plays that are apt to result in a "flop" on the final night have been studiously avoided, and good, sensible plots, with strong representative castes, are the final achievement of each and every class.

### "Cured" is Fresh Choice

The Freshmen, after much trouble, have finally secured as their vehicle, "Cured," a one-act comedy by Ida Gubinski Ehrlich. The plot is woven about an ambitious but over-thrifty wife, who masquerades as the wife of a wealthy manufacturer, in order to obtain the best possible bargains at various local firms. She encounters a wide-awake store clerk named Waller, in the course of one of her shopping tours under the name of Price. Mistaken identity immediately becomes the motive of a very complicated situation wherein the Prices and the Shepherds become woefully but very humorously entangled. The inevitable happy ending ensues. The cast, under the careful direction of Mr. Dave Griesdorf, is acquiring itself extremely well, and shows real appreciation of the respective roles. The cast is composed as follows:

Mrs. Shepherd—Dorothy Ryley.  
Mr. Shepherd—John Caldwell.  
Mrs. Price—Doris Dunham.  
Mr. Price—Lyle Pearlman.  
Elsie—Dorothy Magoon.  
Waller—William Odynski.

### Sophes Choose Milne Play

"The Man in the Bowler Hat," by A. A. Milne, is the popular choice of the Sophomore class. There is a happy choice in that for sheer humor the lines are hard to surpass. This fact, coupled with a plot in which a simple farming couple be-

come involved in the elopement of a young and loving couple and the nefarious machinations of a group of bad, bad men, will lead a delighted audience up to a sudden climax that is as surprising as it is novel. The cast of "The Man in the Bowler Hat," which is under the direction of Mr. John Farrell, includes:

The Hero—Don MacDonald.  
The Heroine—Doris Calhoun.  
The Chief Villain—Winfield Race.  
The Bad Man—Ramsay Little.  
Mary—Margery Race.  
John—Eric Gibbs.

### Juniors Choose Tragedy

Following the example of previous years, the Junior class will base its hopes in the competition upon "The Betrayal," by the Irish playwright, Padraic Colum. The brothers Gideon and Morgan Lefroy, of Anglo-Irish descent, embark upon a treacherous scheme to secure a large reward offered for "information leading to the condemnation of the one who sent to damnation one Isaac Hackman, sergeant by persuasion in His Majesty's army." The scene, taking place in the upper room of an old inn, is fraught with drama, and reaches a startling climax with the murder of Morgan and the betrayal of a heroic old Irish mother by her son. "The Betrayal" demands much dramatic ability in order to be successfully staged, and to this end the cast was very carefully selected. Herb Surplis as Gideon Lefroy, Phelp Priestly as his unscrupulous brother Morgan, Jean Black as the Irish mother, and Pete Tingle as the bellman, form the cast, which is being directed jointly by Hugh Morrison and Walter Bentley.

### Seniors Stage "The Valiant"

"The Valiant," by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass, forms the fourth and final play to be presented on play-night. A tragedy verging on melodrama, "The Valiant" is a play that calls upon more than the usual depth of portrayal on the part of the characters. The entire plot centers about James Dyke, a condemned criminal who dies stubbornly refusing to disclose his true identity. Despite his resolve, however, and despite the way in which he baffles the prison officials, we are allowed one tiny glimpse into that hidden life which he so jealously guards. A heroic figure, with heroic ideals, James Dyke is a character to win all hearts. And then, to add the final touch of intrigue: Was the girl his sister or was she not? "The Valiant" tragedy though it is, will not give the audience a single depressing moment. Vic Gowan is the director, and the members of his cast are as follows:

James Dyke—Al Borrowman.  
The Warden—Sid White.  
The Priest—Graham Caldwell.  
The Girl—Margaret Roseborough.  
The Jailor—Scotty Neil.  
The Attendant—Pete McArthur.

### Ticket Sale Monday

Tickets for Play Night will be on sale in the basement of the Arts Building between the hours of nine and five on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Reserved seats are seventy-five and fifty cents respectively, and rush seats for students only will be on sale at twenty-five cents.

Those outside of the University desiring reservations may make same by phoning 32026 between 8 and 9 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WOULD YOU PREFER TO READ THE PANEGYRIC, EULOGY OR ENCOMIUM OF A SENIOR STUDENT, RATHER THAN HIS EPITAPH?

Elsie Park Young, Arts '30: Oh! how I'd love to write the eulogy of some people I know.

N. R. Moran, Com. '30: Not having the slightest idea what any of these terms mean, I can't say.

Edweena MacCaffary, H.Ec. '29: The other three are included in the epitaphs we see.

Peter Kilburn, Arts '29: Let's stick to epitaphs, and keep blank spaces out of the Year Book.

H. W. Fish, Arts '32: I like to know what I am reading about.

Mary Scofield, Med. '31: A eulogy or anything similar would leave no room for the friendly slams and misplaced wit of our contemporaries and sometime friends.

Vic Gowan, Law '31: If this really must be brought up, I think an epitaph will give seniors a fine enough opinion of themselves to carry them into the world beyond.

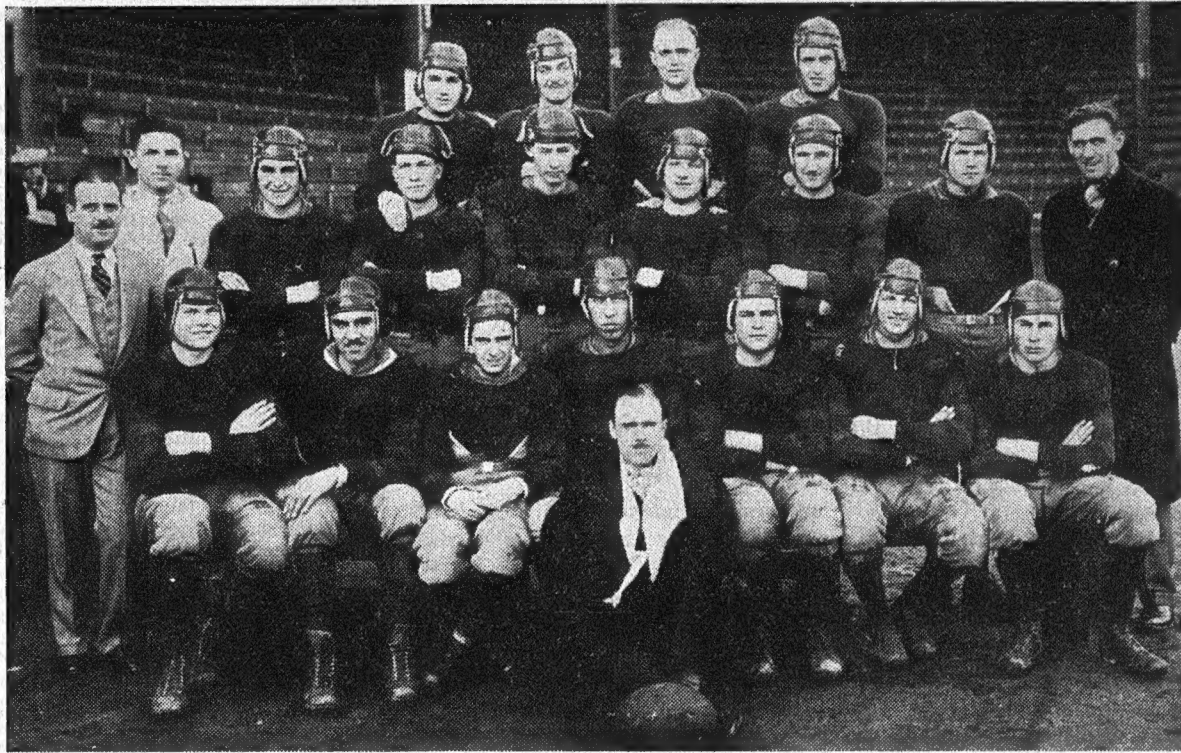
Isabel Landels, Arts '30: You can get some of the spice of life in the usual epitaph; but the others would have to be all sugar.

R. MacLaren, Law '30: Epitaphs are very appropriate.

Alex. Stronach, Arts '31: An epitaph is words inscribed on a tombstone; I thought these were for Freshmen only.

Lillias Milne, H.Ec. '29: According to the "Post," millions now living are already dead. According to the epitaphs most of us are too good to die. Eulogy would better describe the paragraph and eulogy our state.

## VICTORIOUS GRID TEAM



THE GREEN AND GOLD TEAM AT VANCOUVER

The personnel of the party: Left to Right, Back Row: Herbie Hutton, end; Johnnie McLean, halfback; Dud Menzies, middle wing; Bill Siebert, inside. Middle Row: Gurth O'Brien, middle wing; Bob Prittie, halfback; Herman Hayes, end; Al Hall, snapback; Gus Runge, halfback; Ken Thomson, inside; Eric O'Brien, inside; Coach Wally Sterling. Front Row: Manager Roy Thorpe; Barney Barnett, middle wing; Bruce Brown, middle wing; Mickey Timothy, quarterback; Fred Hess, captain and halfback; Bill Shandro, flying wing; Mal MacCallum, halfback; Keith MacDougall, halfback. In Front: Bill Watson, fullback.

## ENGINEERS HEAR ABOUT KIPLING

Professor Adams Speaks at Meeting of Engineering Students' Society

It was to an age of material tendencies in English life that Kipling came. It was to an age when the newborn overweening power of science seemed to be dragging all life down into a materialistic rut that he wrote, to show that after all the age of romance was not gone, that there was a beauty in the commonplace things which a mechanical age had called out to man's service.

The Engineering Society was indeed fortunate in its choice of a speaker for the last meeting. Twice fortunate truly, in that he chose the subject that he did. Those of the Applied Science classes who had the pleasure of listening to Prof. Adams speak on "Kipling's Engineers," came away with a new appreciation of the fine things in life.

In his opening remarks, Professor Adams quoted a Latin proverb to the effect that "it is a poor house that has not enough and to spare." This, he explained, might be applied to students, when their minds did not reach out after the fine things in life which did not enter into the narrow course of their work.

He had chosen Kipling as a subject that he might cause a little break in the routine of purely engineering lectures that had been given before the society. Briefly he outlined the earlier years of Kipling's life—a young Anglo-Indian student in an English school—his return to do journalistic work in the town of Allahabad—the critical age to which he belonged. It was a great age in the history of English literature, New discoveries in the fields of science and philosophy were at work on it. Yet even with such men as Browning, Arnold, Tennyson and many others who had created work that would stand for all time, there was a tendency to fall away from the romantic viewpoint of living and to imagine that the romance and beauty of the world had moved away.

It was to satisfy the need of such an age that the brilliant and precocious mind of Kipling was called to serve. He made great things from the opportunities that lay around him. He showed something to all men—that the poetry of life had not been reduced to ashes, nor annihilated in the flames of scientific thought and philosophy, but rather raised up and exalted by these. He came to serve, to show that the influence of the age was to leave the universe a greater thing than it had ever been before.

In his "Plain Tales from the Hills" the young Kipling had painted a charming series of pictures of the action and realities of life around him. Over them he had then cast a gleam, without which the best part of life is lost.

In England he had associated with the most enlightened circles of thought of the period. Increasing appreciation was shown for his work. During a sickness contracted while on an American tour he was the object of world-wide concern, such as has been shown to none since his time.

Back in England again he wrote his masterpiece of fiction, "The Light That Failed." Its theme was a fitting setting to show the tremendous scope of his powers in amassing and co-ordinating the minutest details to a whole and then clothing them in a spiritual atmosphere. Steadily, and with an ever sure quality of thought and expression he has written his soldier stories, stories for children, poetry and letters.

At this point Prof. Adams read one of the earlier poems from the Barrack Room Ballads, "A Study of

an Elevation in Indian Ink." This was well received by his audience. He then went on to speak of the shorter prose works which ranked with the most wonderful short stories in the English language.

Speaking on the volume called "The Day's Work," he pointed out the romance of life which Kipling showed in his engineers. He gave a brief outline of "The Bridge Builder," and read some of the salient passages. Here was everyday life that showed the spirit of man reaching out to grasp at the nobler things. Not vaguely poetical, but realistic, convincing in its display of facts. In them there was a reach of imagination that did not draw the mind away from actual reality. He again read passages from "The Ship that Found Herself." Here also the master touch was evident in every line of the work.

Professor Adams strongly recommended that his hearers should read Kipling's works. In so doing they would come in contact with some of the greatest literary work of the language and cultivate a greater interest in commonplace things. An enthusiasm for such things is a most excellent quality, and one that will add a glow and satisfaction to the everyday things of life and make of them romance. He closed with a most fitting quotation from another of the Ballads, "Tomlinson."

A report was made to the society on the recent banquet at the Macdonald. No other business coming before the meeting, it was then adjourned.

## LOCAL MEN ADDRESS COAL CONFERENCE

W. A. Lang and Professor Stansfield Give Paper Before Conference at Pittsburg

"Principles in the Briquetting of Coking and Non-Coking Bituminous Coals" was the title of a paper by W. A. Lang, '23, and Professor Stansfield, of the University of Alberta, read at the Second International Conference on Bituminous Coal at Pittsburg, by Professor Stansfield on November 23.

The paper outlines the general practice and principles of briquetting, the better to explain points developed in experiments carried out in the laboratories of the Scientific and Industrial Research Council of Alberta.

It is shown, for example, that although dirty coal may appear to give a stronger briquette than clean coal, with the same percentage of binder, nevertheless the briquetting of dirty coal causes a waste of binder. It is further shown that the dust in the coal briquetted can be cleaned by the Trent process, using the binder asphalt or pitch instead of oil to cause the separation of the mineral impurity.

A method for ascertaining the optimum sizing of the coal for any briquetting plant is also suggested; and it is shown that crushing of the particles during the mixing operations may result in a notable increase of binder required. The effect of the presence of water during mixing and briquetting is also discussed.

The experiments upon which this paper are based were largely carried out by Mr. Lang.

Professor Stansfield is stopping in Winnipeg until Monday, when he will return to Edmonton.

## SUNDAY SERVICE PROGRAMME

Dec. 9—Rev. Dr. Thos. H. Mitchell (Robertson Church).  
Jan. 13—Mr. E. A. Corbett, Director The Dept. of Extension.  
Feb. 3—Dr. J. M. MacEachran.  
Mar. 10—Dr. R. C. Wallace.

## RUGBY TEAM FETED IN ATHABASCA HALL

Dinner is Followed by Rally in Upper Gym—Prominent Names Figured on Place Cards

As a fitting climax to the brilliantly successful season which the rugby team has just completed, the players were feted at a banquet in Athabasca Hall on Monday evening. The team now holds the Intercollegiate Championship of Western Canada, including the Pacific Coast.

The place cards which were distributed around the table had not only the names of the players, but also those of the reserves; those appearing on the cards were:

Dr. Wyatt, honorary president of rugby; Dr. Wallace, president of rugby; Dean Howes, Dean of rugby; Dr. MacEachran, judge of play; A. West, treasurer; Whit Mathews, secretary; Ross Gibson, president of athletics; Ernie Lewis, secretary of athletics; George Macintosh, Edmonton Press; Hugh Morrison, Gateway Sports Editor; Reg Hamilton, president of track; Fritz Werthenbach, chairman of House Committee; Bill Watson, moral booster.

A rally in the upper gym followed the dinner, cheering being led by Don MacDonald and Ian MacDonald.

## VARIOUS DANCES AT ANNUAL HUT-NIGHT

Yearly Entertainment Given to Soldiers Last Tuesday Evening by Wauneitas

It was on Tuesday night that the girls of Pembina Hall started off merrily for the Hut to give the soldiers their yearly program. Speaking of "Let's Get Hot," the girls didn't need to be reminded. There were hot colors, hot gypsies, hot women, hot men, and the cutest little sailor laddie.

The program consisted of musical numbers, dances and a reading. The male orchestra, Miss Kay Campbell, Jeannette MacIntyre, Madge York and Etta Rogers, started things going by some racy fox-trots, followed by a piano solo by Miss Helen Bard. The Sailors' Hornpipe dance, Dorothy Brown; violin solo, Etta Rogers; a modern dance, Eleanor Griffith and Kay Howes; piano solo, Dot Wallace; another orchestra selection; dance, Jean and Kay Campbell; reading, Jean Greig, and a gypsy song and dance by several of the girls.

This number was a fitting ending to a varied and pleasing program. The girls were dressed in bright gypsy costumes, and after singing a chorus, Mrs. Zella Oliver gave a gypsy dance.

## SKATING PROBABLE EARLY NEXT WEEK

Season Tickets Will Be Sold to Students—Band Three Times a Week

In the face of the rather unusual weather the rink has got away to a very poor start this year. However, if nothing untoward happens the season should open with a rush the coming week.

The rink is under the management of Bruce Massie, assisted by Lee Cameron, Eric Stewart, Tom Chard, Jack Agnew and Dan Driscoll, and Gene Smith. Ice-making has been under way for several weeks, and several practices have already been held in the rink. The surface is not of the best yet, and a little time is needed before general skating will commence.

Season tickets will be sold to the student body as in other years at \$2.00. A check room will be operated for the convenience of the patrons. Mr. Burns has the concession booth.

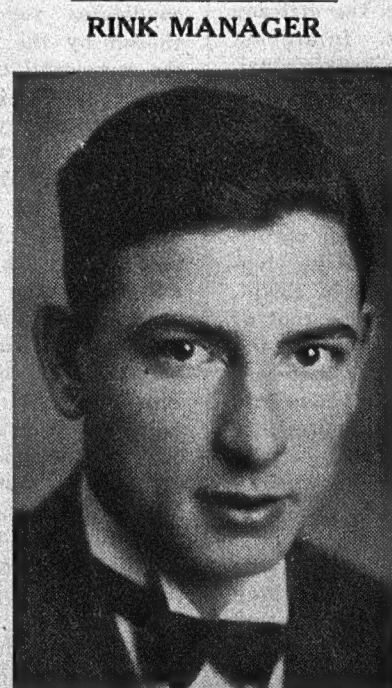
The first hockey game of the season will be played next Tuesday, with the Superiors opposing the Elks. This will be the first of a twenty-four game series for the season.

As soon as the ice will permit the rink will be open for general skating two nights a week and Sunday afternoons. The management have secured the C.O.T.C. Band to provide the music for this.

## FANCY SKATING CLUB

In response to an evident desire on the part of some members of the staff and student body of the University, to form a University Figure Skating Club, it is proposed to call a meeting of all those members of the staff and student body who are interested, on Friday, November 30th, at 4:30 p.m., in Room 135 Arts Building.

The purpose of the meeting is to discuss the possibility of the formation of such a club and to find out how many members would be likely to join it if formed. There is a possibility of securing the services of a professional instructor providing a sufficient number become members of the club.



BRUCE MASSIE

Law '30, who will manage the affairs of the University Covered Rink this year.





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32026.

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## TO A GREATER UNDERSTANDING

We read, and we know not whether our pleasure or our pride is the greater, that the entertainment broadcasted through the Varsity radio station by the students was much appreciated. We are proud of the talent among us, which was sufficiently high to draw the interest and delight of the listeners-in, despite the fact that scores of programs by recognized virtuosos may be obtained by the turning of a few dials. But we are particularly pleased that we have been able to offer a program which has shown that we are not little interested in the higher things of life, and that we are not solely addicted to those practices which are "a relic of barbarism," and which result "in great humiliation to both the students and the parents."

"The kind of culture taught at the University of Alberta" has of late been severely criticized by those whose business, we believe, lies at other doors. But we feel sure that if that culture has been harshly judged by a few, it is because it has been misunderstood. The outside world gets all too little opportunity to know our aims, our customs, and our practices. What little it can see of our mode of life is, perhaps, the worst; and we cannot blame it for drawing its conclusions on the evidence it has. But we ourselves know that the few individuals and the few practices which may give some slight cause for a poor opinion of us, are far from being representative of our student body or of our student activities. Therefore we wish that the world could see us, as it were, at home, engaged in our normal pursuits, enveloped in our usual quest for knowledge.

But, since it can not, we must welcome this opportunity which our radio station affords to give a picture, on which rests the stamp of verisimilitude, of our life and our character. It is impossible that the world may come to us, and see us, and know us; but by this new means we can go to it, and be heard, and be understood.

## THE YEAR BOOK

Among the many noticeable signs of the season, which include play rehearsals, the first exchange lecture, and announcements about the covered rink, the lately renewed activity in preparation for a Year Book is one of the most reliable. For, however much the others may vary conformably with available talent and the whim of the weather, our Constitution states decidedly that "The Director (of the Year Book) shall be appointed by the Students' Council on or before November 15th."

Such having been done, the first step towards getting out the Evergreen and Gold has been taken. "So," say the Freshmen, "it should be out by the end of March at the latest." And so it should be. But look back over the past years and see how often it has been. When we mention the fact that last year it did not appear till well on in the holidays, we do not intend to cast any reproach on the staff of 1927-28. No, the responsibility lies with the students.

Therefore do we, having experienced some of the difficulties of work on an undergraduate publication, ask that every effort be given by the students to get their prints and epitaphs in at a time sufficiently early not to delay the publication.

## A STUDENT'S CHOICE

It has been said that a university possesses among its students representatives of every phase of modern thought. One might go a step farther and say that a modern university holds students who represent every mode of thinking that has been in vogue from the dawn of history to the present day. There are some students among us who would have felt quite at home among the demonolators of Tanis, others who would have been leaders of Israel, others who would have assisted with relish at the drowning of the Angel of Augsburg, and many others, modern and ultra-modern, who question a God or flatly deny his existence.

These groups of students often clash. The "modernists," in the heat of argument, claim absolute disbelief in God, in an after life, in the efficacy of prayer, and in the miracles of Christ. In arguing their disbelief they think they are being original. But dissension is as old as acceptance, and Atheism as old as Deism.

Their antagonists answer all arguments by going to the opposite extremes of fundamentalism. They say that they believe the scriptures word for word, that everything written by Moses is "gospel truth." But if the time of the shepherd kings is to be identified with the settlement of Jacob's sons in Egypt, and if the monotheism of the Hyskos is the root of Moses' religion, what food for thought lies in the fact that the same awe of a fearful power that confronts us in life, changes among the Egyptians into the demonology of Set, and among the Israelites into the cult of Yahveh, or Jehovah!

This editorial has been suggested by the student criticisms of a recent lecture delivered by an evolutionist at the Empire Theatre.

Having stayed with us thus far, the reader may be wondering what we are driving at: The only thing we have in mind is that everyone else is wrong and we are right.

But we must make a choice, it seems, between the two extreme beliefs, and being forced to choose, we accept neither. If we must accept a legend upon which to base our religious ideas, we would rather choose the Shavian legend contained in the Meta-



Like radio announcers, editors of this much-read column are anonymous—a necessary precaution. They are known only to a few—an obviously "favored" few—for,

If editors of Casserole

Were known to all the students,  
We'd have to write (of this we're sure)  
With greater care and prudence.

So we remain anonymous,  
To save our youth and beauty;  
We hope that Cass will satisfy,  
As is its bounden duty.

Dean of Women (6:30 a.m.): "Young man, what do you mean by bringing this girl in at this time in the morning?"

Freshman (returning the lady friend from the Junior Prom): "Well, I got a lecture at 8:30."

Headline in Edmonton Journal: "C.N. Hesitates on E.D. & B.C." Up till now the E.D. & B.C. has done its own hesitating. Ask the man who rides on it.

The eastern university students who were badly beaten by the Japanese Freshie are sadder and wiser men:

Before he came to Varsity,  
They'd always thought the Frosh  
A harmless curiosity,  
It's different now, b'gosh!

There's no doubt about it, poetry comes as easy to us as "Wauneita" does to the lips of the Engineer.

The prince of Plumbers, His Royal Majesty Harry Acheson, informs us that:  
Under the hanging mistletoe  
The homely co-ed stands;  
And stands, and stands, and stands, and stands,  
And stands, and stands, and stands.

Glancing through The Gateway we came across the ad:  
"Try a meal and get the Tuck Shop habit!"  
Reading it must drive our Mabel very nearly mad,  
For present custom keeps her nerves most ragged.

The studes come in by fives and tens,  
And loudly shout their orders.  
(Not as dictated by their well-known common sense,  
As do the "took in" boarders).

Studes ask for something, change their cries,  
Then once again consider:  
While patient, hard-worked Mabel sighs,  
And tells them not to kid her.

So in future when you read the ad:  
"Try a meal and get the Tuck Shop habit!"  
Just give a thought to Mabel sad,  
And shoot your order rapid.

Here's where Mabel gives us an extra pat of butter with our spuds.

We are told to patronize Gateway advertisers, but you can't expect us to patronize the University bookstore when Charley's ad informs us that the U. of A. belt-buckles which he sells "won't last long." Naw, sir!

Applicant: "I want to apply for the job of bouncer."

Hotel Manager: "What makes you think you can bounce?"

Applicant: "I was a rubber in a Turkish bath."

Coach (between halves): "Say, you, what's the matter with you? Didn't I tell you to kick over the sidelines so their quarterback couldn't run the ball back? I been tellin' you all week, but no—you gotta boot it straight down the field right into his arms, you mush-head!"

Punter: "Aw, listen coach, I ain't got a chance. I kicked the ball the way you said, every time, but that old pigskin 'd curve in, that's all."

Coach: "Oh, I see—it was the wind, huh?"

Punter: "No, it's that quarterback. Didn't you hear him yell every time I kicked that darn pigskin? He's the champion hog-caller of Iowa!"

Cass signing off until the Aggies' bedtime story hour.

biological Pentateuch, "Back to Methuselah," and let Moses and his enemies go to pot. —E. M. J.

## THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

Tonight, at Government House, one of the three candidates for the Rhodes Scholarship will be chosen by the Committee. The criteria by which the successful candidate is chosen are, as everyone knows, academic ability, physical proficiency, all-round versatility of interests, and ability, and character. If we may be permitted to say so, probably the qualities which were the most desirable in the opinion of Sir Cecil Rhodes were strong character and versatile ability. He realized, no doubt, that high marks, while eminently desirable, are not the truest criterion of high worth. High marks, however, are always prone to make an impression in the eyes of committee members, and it sometimes happens that the candidate chosen is not the best. This, however, seems irremediable, in view of the fact that as a rule the selection committee's knowledge of the candidate is only second-hand.

Another matter that comes to mind in discussing the Rhodes, is the peculiar fact that each year there are only two or three applicants. Surely the Rhodes Scholarship is worth more competition than this. There ought to be ten or twelve candidates in a university the size of this. Whether it is because the Scholarship does not appeal to more than two or three, or because only two or three are self-confident enough to run, we do not know, but we do know that there are more than three students here who could run for the Rhodes Scholarship without incongruity.



University of Alberta,  
Nov. 24, 1928.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—The advantages of living in residence are too numerous to detail and too evident to dispute. No one living over town or, more especially, boarding off the campus, does not envy the resident students. But also no one boarding off the campus or, more especially, living overtown, realizes the all too certain disadvantages of which they are the victims. Of these we do not intend to philippize against the more humorous, such as the intrusion of friends at a busy moment, and the Lydian melody played by the radiators at midnight; or against the more vicious, such as the gambling practised behind open doors, and the drunkenness which occasionally disgraces the halls; but we do take up arms against the most annoying—noise, particularly music, at the hours when most of us wish to study.

Observe that we were pleased to call music a noise; for we have of late been so much exposed to the dizzy jazz favourites that we believe that those for whom this article is most intended lack the capacity to distinguish between noise and music, or between jazz and harmony. It is not inconceivable that there might be music of such a kind as to whet the edge of our attention and appreciation, so making it easier for us to grasp and retain the material which we are trying to master. But not of such is jazz. If Lydian airs help us in the acquiring of literary knowledge, and Doric aid us in the pursuit of philosophy, jazz can assist us only in psychiatry, abnormal psychology, and the other branches of the study of insanity.

However, although we know not enough invectives to hurl against modern dance music, such is our belief in the liberty of the individual that we think not for a moment that those who like it should be forbidden from listening to it. But we do not see why an orthophonic gramophone should be played almost without cessation through a whole day, every day, with a loud needle, in a room the most thoughtfully provided door of which stands wide open. Despite our appreciation of good music, we would weary of it too if it beat so ceaselessly on our ear-drums, even though we had no work from which it might distract us. Doubly so much the more then we, and we not alone, are weary of this continual, cacophonous, din.

We do not like to point out anyone's else duty; but we can not refrain from expressing a hint: is the House Committee deaf to jazz, or is it of the opinion that the comfort of the many must give place to the license of the few?

Yours truly,  
HARMONY.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—The sale of tickets for the Junior Promenade is evidence that the University has outgrown its present reception accommodation.

This year the inauguration of a system of tokens will attempt to curb gate-crashing and the attendance of any supper. In spite of this, the dance is limited. Building regulations will permit only 500 persons in the main hall, and supper accommodations about the same. We attempted to obtain permission to use the lower gym as a lounge to supplement dancing room, but were unsuccessful, due to inconveniences it would cause. The authorities realized our difficulty, but strongly advised against its use.

Many seniors are deprived of the right to entertain their friends at one open dance of their last year.

May we suggest that at succeeding Promenades all new students of the first and second years be refused tickets unless some other arrangements can be made to increase the number of saleable tickets. We did anticipate a big dance, but had we anticipated one as big as this we would have put this suggestion into force. We apologize to the upper classmen who have been inconvenienced at this dance.

THE JUNIOR PROMENADE COMMITTEE.

Assiniboia Hall,  
Edmonton, Alta.,  
Nov. 26, 1928.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—May I protest against using Gateway space for such puerile stuff as appears under the heading, "By Their Hands Ye Shall Know them?"

Healthy minds are neither nourished nor entertained by palmistry. The wisest of kings reminds us, "For as he thinketh in his heart so is he"; the greatest of teachers asserts, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment," and "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

EMMA R. NEWTON.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Due to a lack, perhaps, of moral courage, I did not express my views before the house regarding co-education. But like the "cowardly cad," E.M.J., I take refuge in your column.

I was at first, and still am, surprised at personal attacks of the negative debaters. They, like lawyers without a case, abused the government. Surely it is not the aim of Parliamentary Debates to nurture personal and sarcastic effrontery.

As for the "poor country lad, from whose hair the hayseeds have just been combed." Let us investigate the history of our athletes. In the rugby team, Hess, Shandro, and others are "poor country lads." Then again, our dear lady speaker of the negative points out clearly that the

polish which the ladies impart is of the "hair reeking of brilliantine and dazzling tie type." Which is synonymous to that of a polished woman student (krinkled, peroxide blonde hair, plaster white faces more or less artistically daubed with rouge, and those charming cupid-bow lips entirely submerged under a heavy coat of crimson lip-stick).

As for women being "more than silk stockings," one needs only to ask the boys taking Chemistry 1 and 2. They are indeed. If a girl must persist in clothing herself in three-quarters of a yard cloth garments, let us hope that they will arrange to

keep that three-quarters of a yard in the proper place.

Thank you.

A. RALPH SCHRAG.

University of Alberta,  
Nov. 25, 1928.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—It may be said that the Pembina House Rules are no business of mine—it will be said that they are no business of mine—but nevertheless I find it impossible to refrain from saying a few words, and I shall be grateful if you will give

(Continued on page six)



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## HERE'S TO FEAR

Here's to Fear  
A Thing most constant in our life.  
And most surely to be depended upon  
To show its head  
When it should.  
And when it shouldn't;  
Regardless of man's hand-made code  
Of centuries.

The Fear that dries your lips and  
grips your limbs  
When death is very near to one you  
have known well. Yes! loved.  
And none can stop its coming.  
The little Fear that is akin to elation  
When an owl silently flies in the  
bright moonlight  
In a moment, past your face, as you  
ride alone.  
The solemn Fear!—Alone in a great  
storm  
That flings itself upon the trees, the  
houses, homes.  
The sickening Terror to which it  
turns,  
When the homeless the flood has  
made  
Search for their dead. Ever an up-  
turned face may be his!  
The vast and formless Fear of a little  
child in the dark,  
A child whose mother's careless  
words perhaps, have made  
The friendly, sheltering room a place  
of dread.  
The cautious Fear that checks the  
utterance of a springing thought,  
It may have been the first,—and it  
suppressed  
Clogs the path that leads man out to  
freedom.  
The anxious Fear of a father for  
young ladies who so politely stepped  
off the sidewalk by the Med Build-  
ing and passed us in single file a  
week ago Monday evening. We really  
must tell "Casey" about this.

They are, it is true, much scorned by  
well-fed, comfortable folk.  
The black, overwhelming, endless  
war—  
Fear, that gulfs  
The girl who has broken through a  
certain social custom.  
Fear of the punishment that the  
good, kind folk  
Will burn her with for all her life  
—and beyond that, her child—  
There is no help for such, in this  
time.

The Thing's forever present in man's  
motives  
To some degree. Plans to check  
Plans to make war  
It may be for the Fear  
That hence a hundred years, men  
Yet unborn may bow to other colors  
It may be for that Fear,  
It may be for some other.

Here's to Fear.  
Man worships him who has burnt out  
his Fear for self  
With a daring unquenchable passion  
for an end.  
Over the horizon he may go  
Where others have died before,  
Fearless.  
Still his ancient heritage binds him  
Within its circle he moves.  
Fear of Shame conquers  
His Fear of Things.

## High Shots and Backfires

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

We wish to thank the half dozen  
young ladies who so politely stepped  
off the sidewalk by the Med Build-  
ing and passed us in single file a  
week ago Monday evening. We really  
must tell "Casey" about this.

Professor Nichols was collecting  
hydrogen over water in front of his  
physics IC class the other morning.  
In consequence of the subsequent  
"gurgling" sound, he casually re-  
marked "that's a nice Engineering  
sound." An inquisitive freshman has  
asked us what he meant. Through  
our tears we pause to remark, sadly,  
that it is not for us to disillusion  
youth.

The first problem on the Drawing  
4 paper was to draw a tombstone.  
Crude humour, we call it.

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ada and the four "Founder" Engi-

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## EDITORIAL

"Honour to whom honour is due." Again it is our  
privilege to congratulate the rugby team on its sweeping  
success; not only have the members of the team captured the  
Hardy Cup, symbolic of the Western Intercollegiate Cham-  
pionship, but by their recent victories at Vancouver they  
have showed themselves to be a little better than the Blue  
and Gold champions of the Pacific Conference. Were there  
no rugby teams to play games it would hit the sport page of  
The Gateway pretty hard; but we have more than a mere  
rugby team, we have a winning team, a team that has not  
suffered a defeat this season in Intercollegiate contests. A  
team like this does more than help out the sport page, it helps  
to make it. Of course if the University had no rugby team  
it would cause a consternation; if as a result The Gateway  
had no sport page we could hardly say that it would cause  
much of a furore, one or two readers might express mild  
surprise, but perhaps the majority might think they were  
better off. At any rate, we extend our sincere congratula-  
tions to our successful team, its coach and its manager, for  
the aid it has given the sports department.

## The team's Intercollegiate Record for 1928:

U. of Sask.....	1	U. of A.....	8
U. of Man.....	6	U. of A.....	20
U. of Sask.....	6	U. of A.....	12
U. of Man.....	8	U. of A.....	15
U.B.C. ....	11	U. of A.....	20
U.B.C. ....	6	U. of A.....	13

Season Score ..... 38 ..... 88

While in the mood for felicitations it might be fitting to  
extend a word of appreciation to the sports department of  
our esteemed contemporary "The Sheaf," at Saskatoon. Their  
commendations of our rugby team have not passed unnoticed,  
and we thank them for their interest.

neering societies of the United States  
offer special prices on publications  
of the American Societies to Engi-  
neering undergraduates. The de-  
tailed figures are given on a bulletin  
which appears on the bulletin  
board in the South Lab.

Engineers might take a tip from  
George Field, who steers the family  
chariot with his knees. We have  
doped it out that he doesn't need a  
Hay's Heated Sedan to "keep her  
warm."

H. "Curly" Ainsworth is cultivat-  
ing something resembling an eyebrow  
on his upper lip. The other morning  
it was stained red. We would advise  
the "kissproof" brand, Curly.

To the fifth year Engineers who  
found their lockers screwed down,  
and who are on the warpath after  
the guilty one, we give this hot tip:  
Apropos of Goldsmith, the culprit  
also spells his name with a Y.

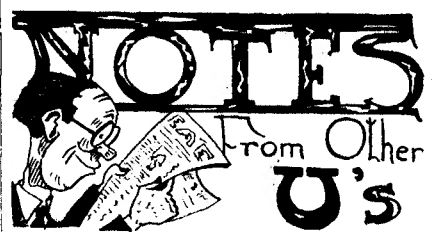
Ted Baker claims that the exact  
meaning of "awful" is "awe-inspir-  
ing." When we said "awe-inspiring"  
we referred to "her" pulchritude,  
and not to Mr. Baker's way with a  
maid.

An overcoat around his knees,  
To hide his (k)nobby legs,  
And save him from the wintry  
breeze—  
The boys have stolen Cameron's  
"Begg"!

A valuable prize of two unusual  
kisses will be given to the first girl  
who admits seeing Cameron wander-  
ing around the lower halls in the  
above state. Was he looking for a  
barrel? (Life-savers will be substi-  
tuted for kisses if desired.)

Warning!! Engineering freshmen  
are hereby advised that unless their  
budding tooth-brushes are wiped off  
immediately they will be permanen-  
tly removed by the high-frequency  
process.

—FAGNIP.



## At First the Freshman

Quaking and shaking in his latest  
suit;  
Then the lordly sophomore with his  
trench coat  
And shining derby hat, with step  
more sure  
Than he can really feel. And then  
the junior,  
Sighing like a furnace with a woeful  
story  
About his History failure. Then a  
senior  
Full of strange tales, and moustache  
shining bright,  
Jealous of no one, monarch and lord  
study,  
Seeking degrees B.A. and B.Sc.  
Even boasting of it too. And then  
professors,  
With large corporations,  
With bloating eyes, yet smiling all  
the while.  
What do they mean? Most of us  
sigh and know.  
And so he passes on. The next type

BIG 4 TAXI. Phone 4444.

## The PIG'S EYE



It has been our custom, from time  
to time, to draw aside from the main  
drag and watch the parade go by.  
Do not mistake us; we are not the  
kind who want to "live in a house by  
the side of the road and be a friend  
to man." Passers-by are too apt to  
leave debris on the front lawn and  
worry the pet goat. Rather we pre-  
fer to sit in the shade of a tree and  
blow pensively on a flageolet, or per-  
chance, strum a zither. We thus  
avoid periods of unutterable dullness.

We had a companion once whose  
idle moments were occupied much in  
the same way. He rejoiced in the  
pen-name of "Solomon". We can-  
not give his actual name since we  
have not his permission. This youth,  
"Solomon," carried his observations  
to greater length than we have yet  
ventured to do. Indeed his musings  
had a cynical trend, and cynicism has  
never appealed to us, though we ad-  
mired his style of writing.

In one of his Phillis he treated  
of the Tuck Shop and the people  
found therein. Indeed he devoted  
nearly a column of exquisite satire  
to co-ed devotees of the shrine of  
Java. While we lack his fearless pen  
we, too, feel that many "matters of  
pith and moment" might well be dis-  
cussed.

A cup of coffee, a piece of pie and  
an unclouded mind formed the basis  
of our research work. We have been  
warned that there is enough poison  
in one cup of coffee to kill a cat.  
Serve them right! We hate cats.  
But that is aside from the matter in  
hand.

## Young Love

Next to an ace-high straight, there  
is nothing so inspiring as young love.  
A narrow table separates the pair,  
but they are one in heart. He  
thoughtfully stirs his coffee; she  
coily nibbles a bun. Both are but  
artifices to hide their deeper emo-  
tions. Occasionally she lifts her eyes  
to his and they link in a long, long  
look, a look that speaks of tender-  
ness, of pride, of further evenings  
at the Tuck. Now and then his gaze  
detaches itself from the adored one  
and he glances about at the many  
people. What a shame, he thinks,  
that bold prying eyes should view  
their little rendezvous. She eyes  
meanwhile the other males—better  
prospects? who can tell? A girl must  
do her best. The years are fleeting  
and charms decay. They resume  
their little game, and eventually

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only a few crumbs are left on the  
table to bear witness to their tryst  
and to catch the cuff of the unwary  
lounger.

## Literary Problems

Nearly the literary moguls have  
assembled. Theirs are weighty mat-  
ters, the drama, the crassness of the  
unliterary, and the bore of term  
essays. Can Bluffem really carry  
the leading role in such and such a  
year play? Is he too light? too  
heavy? The effect on the stage in  
future years is incalculable. Is this  
new poet who makes his lines rhyme  
really superior to a past favorite who  
didn't believe in lines at all? Ere-  
verse, ah! there's the mode for  
genius. But this is soul-burdening  
work. Let us mutually attack a cer-  
tain newspaper man. What piffle  
he writes! And gets paid for it. One  
of these things that are unexplain-  
able.

## The Sophisticated Circle

The smart set. They too must  
have nourishment. Milk-shakes, or  
sometimes tea and toast. Here is  
smartness and a flair for dress.  
What does it matter if the lady fa-  
vors a mode just half a season be-  
hind? It's new to the rustics, and  
certainly good enough for such a  
place. The gentlemen eye the even-  
ing wear so dashing displayed be-  
hind glass. What the College Man  
will wear—if he's not careful. Will  
that shirt be back by Prom night?  
It's a little frayed at the cuff, but  
can be done with. How glad the  
people must be that we are here! It's  
an education for them in a way. And  
a perfect example for the freshmen  
—if they have not seen too much of  
the city life. There's Crowder!  
Good old Crowder! Hasn't paid his  
way to a Varsity function in six  
years and never missed a dance.  
Talent, that's all.

But our own coffee has grown  
cold by now. We slip furtively be-  
tween the great and near-great, pay  
our score, and depart.

—H. D. S.

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Damon—  
"Hey, there! Aren't you a friend  
of mine?"  
Pythias—  
"I certainly am. I'd do anything  
in the world for you. Yes, any-  
thing!"  
Damon—  
"All right—prove it! Give me  
back that Eldorado pencil you bor-  
rowed last night."

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# SPORTS



## Alberta Played Magnificent Rugby In Final Struggle

Many Spectators Witnessed Saturday's Big Victory Over B.C.—Varsity Had Hardy Cup, But Game Was Important for Reputation

SCORING SUMMARY	
Alberta	U.B.C.
First Quarter—	
Kick to deadline (Hess)..... 1	Kick to deadline (Shields)..... 1
Second Quarter—	
Rouge (Shields)..... 1	
Third Quarter—	
Touchdown (Siebert)..... 5	Touchdown (Shields)..... 5
Fourth Quarter—	
Rouge (Shields)..... 1	
Touchdown (Timothy)..... 5	
Total.....13	6

A cheering mob of 3,000 saw the University of Alberta prove undisputed master of Western Canada Intercollegiate rugby on Saturday, when she took the University of British Columbia into camp for the second time in four days, by a score of 13-6. The standing for the two-game series was: Alberta 33, B.C. 17. To be sure there was no title at stake in the two encounters, the

Hardy Cup was definitely in Alberta's possession, and a victory for U.B.C. could not have wrested the W.C.I.R.U. championship from the Green and Gold. But a lot of fans out at Vancouver seemed to think that a victory for their home team would give them the Western Canada Championship, and to preserve the reputation of the U. of A., a double victory was necessary. And the Alberta grid machine reacted accordingly. Scores of 20-11 and 13-6 are quite impressive, eh, what?

Saturday's game was featured by splendid kicking by the inimitable Hess and faultless catching on the part of the whole Alberta team. As with the Wednesday game, the weather conditions were almost ideal. The three-day rest did the boys good, and they entered the conflict with an energy that at times during the game had B.C. completely on edge. When Freddy Hess began a strong aerial attack in the second quarter, it was all the U.B.C. boys could do to hold their own. Furthermore, the Alberta boys did such heavy tackling throughout the game that B.C. fumbles were frequent, and costly. Mickey Timothy's neat 30-yard run for the try that decided the issue was the outcome of just one of these fumbles. The U. of A. were always there in the pinches, and took every advantage of breaks such as this.

"Cokey" Shields, the great backfield man, seemed to be the goat of the day. Not content with gaining

(Continued on page six)

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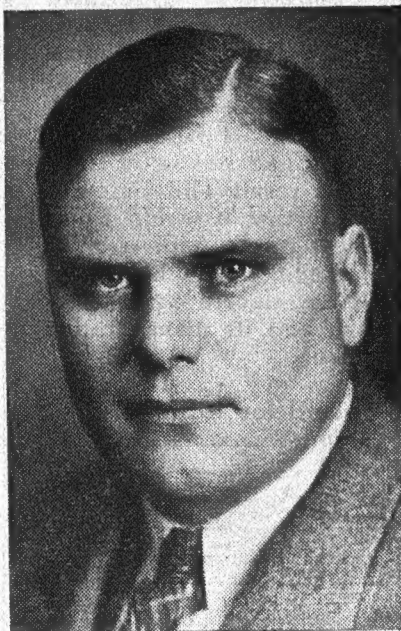
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### MEN'S HOCKEY COACH



W. C. BROADFOOT

Mr. Broadfoot started hockey when he and his two brothers formed the nucleus of the first Regina Pats team. Later he went to the University of Saskatchewan, where he played hockey and managed some teams. He has played several positions, and is thus well fitted to coach a team.

### SENIOR HOOP MEN HAVE WORK-OUT

Coach Sterling Turns to Basketball and Watches Thirty Senior Aspirants

The gym was the scene of many and varied antics on Monday night, when Coach Wally Sterling put some thirty would-be basketball stars through a strenuous work-out in the initial practice of the season. Most of the doughty thirty suffered what they believed to be the utmost in physical torture in attempting to comply with Coach Sterling's demands during that hour of training. All, however, believed that everything was for the best, and realized that the man who produced the finest rugby squad the west has seen in years, must know what is what where athletics is concerned.

**Contortionists Do Their Stuff**  
So at his orders they ran in circles, passing the ball from man to man; they ran from one side of the gym to the other; they ran in threes down the floor, zig-zagging with the ball and passing at intervals; they ran and shot for the basket—they ran, in fact, until many thought they must disfigure themselves by deserting the ranks. The "bell" saved them, however, for at this point Wally blew his whistle and told them to lie down. But there was no rest for the weary—their troubles were only beginning. They passed the next half-hour in assuming a number of exceedingly striking postures, most of which are seldom seen outside of the ballet. After indulging in several graceful contortions, the weary thirty (or, at least, such of the thirty as were physically able) ended the hour by balancing on the backs of their necks and feebly waving their feet in the air. It was noticed that some of the basketballers became so involved during this process that it required the assistance of the coach to disentangle them.

All were satisfied, however, that their time had been spent profitably, and were unanimous in their praise of Coach Sterling's methods.

### FIERCE BATTLES ENLIVEN LEAGUE

House Basketeers Going Strong—Gowan's Team Looms as Big Threat

House League basketball was away to a good start at the beginning of last week, and has been going strong ever since. The gym is nightly the scene of at least one, and often two fiercely contested struggles. Competition is very keen among the nine teams which make up the league, and all are fighting hard to cinch a place in the major loop to be played after Christmas. Consequently, the brand of basketball being dished out is always enthusiastic and fast, if not always finished.

**Gowan Going Strong**  
The talent is fairly evenly divided among the teams, and it is impossible to say which of them will finally come out on top. Up to date, however, "Vic" Gowan's aggregation has had a decided edge over all its opponents and leads in the race for the championship by virtue of three wins and no losses. The first of these victories was won a week ago last Tuesday, when McBeth and his crew were taken into camp to the tune of 18-10. On Thursday night Gowan's boys took Hawkin's team in hand and reduced them to an unwilling submission by a score of 38-12. Hide's five were the next victims. They were trounced unmercifully, and ended up on the short side of a score which it is deemed inadvisable to publish. It is thought, however, that Gowan's victorious career may be cut short by Bentley or Russel, whose outfits look exceedingly promising. Cairns and McShane also have some exceptional material and are likely to prove dangerous aspirants for the championship.

### HOCKEY SCHEDULE IS NOW DRAWN UP

Twenty-four League Games—Same Four Teams as Last Year

At a meeting of the club managers at the Royal George on last Sunday arrangements to play the games in the Senior Amateur Hockey league were made with the management of the University rink.

A schedule consisting of 24 games was drawn up. At the completion of the schedule the teams standing first and second will play off for the championship, the series to be a best two out of three games.

The league will open on Tuesday, December 4, with the Superiors and Elks opposing each other.

The second game on the list is the first Varsity game, when the Green and Gold tackle last year's champs, the Maple Leafs, on Saturday, December 8.

Following is the complete schedule:

- December—  
4—Superiors at Elks.  
8—Varsity at Maple Leafs.  
11—Elks at Maple Leafs.  
15—Varsity at Superiors.  
18—Varsity at Elks.  
20—Elks at Maple Leafs.  
22—Maple Leafs at Varsity.  
25—Superiors at Maple Leafs.  
29—Elks at Superiors.
- January—  
1—Elks at Maple Leafs.  
3—Superiors at Maple Leafs.  
5—Varsity at Superiors.  
8—Superiors at Maple Leafs.  
12—Varsity at Elks.  
15—Maple Leafs at Varsity.  
19—Superiors at Elks.  
22—Varsity at Superiors.  
26—Elks at Maple Leafs.  
29—Varsity at Elks.  
31—Varsity at Superiors.
- February—  
2—Superiors at Maple Leafs.  
5—Maple Leafs at Varsity.  
7—Varsity at Elks.  
10—Elks at Superiors.  
Playoff—February 12, 14, 17.

### SPORTING SLANTS

The B.C. rugby team was a very strong one. It made yards more times than Varsity, although to less effect. On many occasions it steam-rolled its way over Varsity's line down the field only to be held by our line at a crucial moment. Odium and Dirom were its best plungers, hitting the line with great bursts of speed for yards.

Whether B.C. was better than Manitoba is a debatable question. Some of our line believe that they are because their strong plunging was the hardest Varsity came up against. B.C. lost as they did because of their lack of rugby experience, which was very costly. It resulted in, at least, two touchdowns. Had Shields known, he would never have picked up Hall's kick-off, but would have let it go to the deadline. In picking it up, and also in making the mistake of kicking it instead of being rouged, Shields gave Siebert the opportunity for his touch. Nor should they have pulled an end run on their own 20-yard line. This gave Timothy his chance to intercept the pass and go over for a try.

B.C. did not realize the great significance of kicking. In the first game they neglected to kick for possible 8 points. And in the second quarter of the second game Hess's aerial attack left them bewildered. Only the whistle saved them.

How our running interference worked on Wednesday last will go down in rugby history. It left B.C. flat-footed and stupefied. It was this branch of the game that gave Hess his three touches and paved the way for Timothy's 50-yard run. In the second game B.C. tried the same thing, but it did not prove very effective except on one occasion, when they used it illegally without reproof, enabling Shields to get their only touch. In this play Timothy was clipped 10 yards behind his own line as he was about to tackle the ball-carrier.

A kingdom for a touch. So Siebert's year-long prayer was answered in Saturday's game. On the kick-off after Shields got his touch, Hall's low rolling ball was picked up by Shields behind his own line. Oppressed by our in-rushing ends, he felt forced to kick. The ball landed in Siebert's stomach, who crouched, ran as one possessed, push-facing his way to the touchline and diving into a waiting tackler to carry both of them and the ball across.

The B.C. press reports contend that Alberta won the last game by getting the "breaks." But we ask who made the breaks for Alberta to get?

The fact that Varsity defeated a great team only proves that it is a greater one. It is so because every man on the team played his position well, and on every point had a little to do in getting it. Varsity's greatness must also be attributed to the spirit that has been present throughout the whole season. There has been no evidence of dissension, on the field or grudging in the dressing room. All were for one and one for all. That was Coach Wally Sterling.

—W. R. W.

## Senior Hockey Team Should Have Successful Season

Coach Broadfoot Has Plenty of Material to Work On—Many of the Old Favorites Are Back—First Game on December 8

With the Cairns Trophy and the Hardy Cup tucked safely away, sport enthusiasts are now turning to the hockey team to complete the brilliant successes of the University in her sporting activities.

A survey of the material on hand would indicate that they will not be disappointed in their hopes. Although the team will be without the services of McDonald, Power, Cooper and Morris, these gaps in the ranks should be ably filled from the list of tryouts. The interest in hockey seems to be keener than ever, judging from the large number that have turned out for the practices.

### Promising Material

Of last year's lineup there still remains Levell, Prittie, Gardiner, Knight, and Groves. Gus Runge, a member of last year's team, will manage the sextette this year. With these stalwarts to form the nucleus of the team, Coach Broadfoot should have little trouble in lining up a real team. All these men have had several years of hockey experience in fast company, and they need no introduction. Nick Melnyk, another of Varsity's former defence men, who wore an Elks' sweater last winter, will be with the team again.

The absence of Varsity's veteran goalie, D. P. McDonald, will be a hard blow to the team, but two promising candidates have appeared in Kemp, who tended goal for the intermediate team last year, and Ross, a freshman from Pincher Creek, who played in the Senior Crow League.

### New Candidates

Of those who are turning out for the first time with the team, Hall and Buchanan are showing up especially well. Hall, who is a freshman, broke into senior hockey last year as a defence man for the Superiors. Buchanan, a product of

Calgary, is speedy and tricky.

### Coach Broadfoot

The hockey club was unable to obtain the services of Dr. Hardy this year, but they have been very fortunate in the discovery of Mr. Broadfoot, a member of the faculty of the University, who is connected with the new Plant Pathology Laboratory. Mr. Broadfoot captained the team of University of Saskatchewan four years ago that won its way into the finals of the Allen Cup series, and has since played with the St. Paul "Buzzards," state champions of Minnesota.

### Ready for First Game

With the team getting down to serious practice and the rink ready for service, we will be all set for Varsity's first game on December 8, when they meet the Maple Leafs, last year's champions.

### Ha! Ha!

There was a young lady of Pisa Whose lover attempted to quisa, But she lost all her charm, When he said with alarm, "My goodness, how knobby your knisa."

—Dalhousie Gazette.

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## PRECOCITY

Or A Study in Youthful Genius  
By O. R. W.

This is a young age. Some people prefer to dignify it by saying that it is a fresh one. Others are content to say that it is merely impertinent. While others—but I don't think that profanity is really justifiable under such circumstances.

But it's evident enough that it is a youthful age. Even George Bernard Shaw classes himself as a young man. Examine any newspaper and you'll find instances of precocity cropping out all over. There's the seven-year-old that has his first novel on the market. Needless to say it looks like it. There is the child wonder that astounds college professors with his treatises and lectures on the fourth dimension. Probably he goes away from the same lectures just as puzzled as his audience. And so on, as far as journalism cares to throw their line.

Don't imagine that I'm trying to discourage the infant mind at its various activities. I'm not. I have the greatest respect for children. I was one once, and if you can remember back that far so were you at one time. I appreciate all that they may do, or have done, for this drab old world of ours.

### A Biblical Prodigy

The mistake seems to be in thinking that precocity, if such a thing really exists, is just one of the many marks of this verdant age. Now, if my knowledge does not fail me on the subject, I believe that the most pronounced case on record occurs as far back in the annals of history as to be in the Bible. As you doubtless surmised, I have reference to the late Mr. Job, of whom the story runs that he cursed the day he was born. I defy anyone to produce a modern counterpart to this. Even in these modern days, there is always a certain lapse of time between birth and the utterance of intelligible speech, and as for profanity—the babe must have blossomed into the urchin stage before it knows aught of this. Doubtless, in defence of the immediately rising generation, they had a better system in the days when Job was very, very young.

However, that's no fault. I think a person ought to know what they

are swearing about before they get too familiar with the words.

Then I notice that some new and ultra young golf notoriety bobs up into the public view every so often. If space permitted I could quote the little narrative about a certain golfer who in point of years was almost a perfect nonentity. Yet that same tale is as old as the Royal and Ancient game itself.

### Give Ear, Ye Journalists

About child authors and artists. I don't think they deserve the attention they get. Honest. Ask the average adult whether it is easier to paint or write. He'll say the latter is the easier. Yet just the other day I called on some of my school day friends. Junior, one month old to a day, was making just about as much potent signs as the mind of man could ask for—and doing it in the most naive and natural manner. Inquiry elicited the fact that this is the common habit among children, in fact its absence is regarded as being suspiciously abnormal. Well, if a child can make signs, it seems evident that he could also write if he so desired. So why give so much publicity to that which is really so common?

### Alas! Alas!

When one regards all the brilliancy that lies around him in the juvenile world it seems just too bad that these same bright little shavers will have to grow up some day and horror of horrors—even lose their respective identities in college. Imagine the World's Champion in Tennis for the three year old class competing in such a prosaic thing as the Varsity singles. Or the youthful conqueror of the Nth dimension swotting laboriously o' nights over Math. 22. Oh, but the range is unlimited. Hideously so. Think of sitting in a class in English 2 when your right-hand neighbour is an unshaven stripling whose eighteenth volume is just off the press. And having done this act of contemplation, go back to Residence and weep. But I refuse to.

(Why? Because I don't live in Residence. So there.)

## THE GIANT

At dawn I saw  
A giant figure striding through the trees.  
He was a monster, for they did not reach

Above his knees.  
Upon his shoulders hung a cloud,  
And in his hands the wind,  
A song he whistled like a bird,  
A mist was trailing close behind.

He stalked  
Steadily through the shaking trees  
Who beat their little arms  
Against his legs and knees.  
Striding he moved along  
While the dawn lay cold and stark  
Choosing a way so his feet  
Never left a mark.

Just at the dawning  
I saw a giant going south,  
The clouds were on his shoulders  
And a bird sang in his mouth.

## HAPPY

By Mazurin

A tale of Vagabondia, East of the setting sun, whence the Hoboes wandered towards the Hills. A moonless night, the air was chill, huddled around the fire, twelve men sat. Cold they were, the clothes were torn and ragged that they pulled the closer around their throats. One man was speaking, and the flickering firelight flicked his rugged face, a hard, gaunt face, unshaven, rough and rude. Louie, the Bully, they called him. Bull for short.

"Our grub is gone, we're hungry, cold, half-dead. The crowd's too large; if we were less, we'd move more free; we'd soon be where it's warm."

"Go on alone," said one called Jim; "go, we don't care. We're half-starved as it is, and nothing you or we can do will help us."

"No, no," another said. "We're buddies; we'll stay by Cherry till his leg is well."

"I'm boss here, now," said the former one, "when I travel with a gang, that gang is mine, d'ye understand? We're movin', and we're movin' soon," and grunts of "aye" and "yuh" would show that they agreed with him. All? No, not all. The one called Jim arose.

"Well, count me out," said he, "I never yet did see a bum who'd make me toady to him. I'm stayin' on." "Set down," the big one yelled. "By God, you'll come with me, or go to hell and starve. In the mornin' we get goin', all who can travel," and he leered around him. "Those that can't we'll have to leave."

### Pards is Pards

"Mate, I'm stayin' too," said the other. "I've bummed around a lot, and pards is pards. When one is down and out, I'm stickin' to him till the cows come in."

"Then stick," said Louie. "We're gettin' on afore it snows." The built the fire up, and in whispering groups reclined, or slept hunched up near the warmth. Louie sat alone staring at the fire till the first tinge of dawn showed in the sky, then suddenly he started up. The others struggled to their feet.

"Wait," cried Jim, "you can't forsake a pal to die of cold and hunger."

"I'm goin' now," said Bull, and off he started. The others paused; some went on; some came back and went on again, till just three remained; Jim there was, and Cherry with the broken leg, and the other.

"Let 'em go," said Cherry. "You two won't leave me, will yuh?" The third man only hung his head. "I can't," said Jim.

And so they rested all that day. Jim, though chaffing at the thought, did not desert his mates; the other rummaged a little food. That night they sat again around their fire.

### Welcome, Stranger

"I'm cold," said a voice, a tender voice. "May I share your fire?" The three looked up; near them stood a youth, barely beyond his teens.

"Why, sure you can," said Jim. "Set down and rest. We have no grub, and Cherry here is lame, but you're welcome to our fire."

"Thank you so much," the youngster said. He sat silent for a space. "I feel better now; I'm warm," he smiled, a wan pale smile. "You're lame?" he said.

"Yes," answered Cherry, "my leg is bust in two."

"Let me bind it up. I used—perhaps I can ease it." So they let him see the leg. "Why, it isn't bad; it's only a sprain; a rest for a day with a bandage, and you'll be walking on it. I'll make you a crutch tomorrow that'll carry you along first-rate."

The leg under his ministrations mended soon, and three days later they set out. Next day, they overtook the others by the wayside. Louie, the Bully, was sick. He cursed and threatened and whimpered.

### Another Aspect

"We're travellin' in the mornin'," said one, with a leer, and Louie swore again. "That is, all those who can travel," and they all laughed.

"Don't leave me here," whined Louie; "I've always been a pard; don't leave me here to die." "Let me see him," said the youngster.

"Yer can stay with him," said a rough voice.

"Jim" begged Louie, "you won't leave me? Cherry, you'll both stay with me?"

"Did you stay with me?" said Cherry. "Didnt you leave me back there to starve?"

"I didn't mean it." "Don't fight," said the boy. "We'll soon have you well, and then we'll go together."

And so in the course of time, the Hoboes, a motley crew, together crossed the Western hills.

"Here we are," said Louie. "Thanks to you, kid—what did you say your name was?"

"My name? I had one once, but I—I haven't got one now. They used to call me Happy back at home." He choked. "I don't look very happy now, do I, Bull?"

"I'd call you Hope," said Louie, a break in his voice.

"And I, New Life itself," said Cherry.

## THE SKY PAINTER

Laugh foes and friends of mine—  
I do not care!  
—Laugh—but my madness is divine,  
Painting weird patterns in the air:  
Dulling my colors—pilfered from the sun—

With shadows soft as down:  
Drawing my airy images—one by one  
In every shade from flame to brown,  
From black to white—  
Fixing them in a flood of light  
That they endure all time.

But it is night—  
The stars are in my way—  
So down I climb  
To wait another day.

## Do You Remember?

The other day I ran across an old photograph. Now there is nothing very unusual about that; old photographs are fairly common. Yet this one held an unusual interest for me. It was taken about 1908, and shows a class of very young students. The room in which they are studying is modelled somewhat after those in the Arts Building. There are five rows of seats, rising in tiers, one behind the other. Each seat holds five pupils, and there are three seats to a row. On the wall may be seen pictures of animals and birds, while pretty flowers, in vases, decorate the window ledges. The young scholars are busily engaged in threading coloured strips of paper through flat sheets, also of paper, provided for the purpose.

But it is the dress of those in the room which first strikes the eye as being unusual. The girls are wearing frocks, which, to us now, appear unduly long. These are all characterized by long, full sleeves and wide collars which fit closely about the neck and which are decorated with heavy lace designs.

A Convenient Handle  
Yes, you've guessed it, they all have long tresses which are held in place by big coloured bows of ribbon. Oh, that long hair! I'm glad that I attended school when girls wore their hair long. For life would be an awful bore without such a prospective subject for amusement.

Many a happy hour might otherwise have been dull had it not been for the long pigtail of the unfortunate little girl sitting in front of me. Such a potential source of amusement could never remain long unmolested. The ribbon could be retied; two pig-tails could be plaited together—sometimes to a neighbour's lengthy locks; and then, of course, the end of the pigtail could always be dipped in the ink-well. If this did not produce the desired effect, an extremely satisfactory squeal could always be gotten by giving a stray wisp of hair a real healthy tug! I would feel guilty were I not to confess that an occasional burr has been known to stray from my hand, in some mysterious fashion, to the curly head of the little lady sitting in front of me.

The Boys  
And now, of course, we mustn't leave out the boys. They look so cute! There is a little lad in the front row. He is wearing what, to my masculine eye, appears to be a middy. And you really should see the short white socks and tiny sandals, with the straight blue trousers cut off above the knee.

And finally, there's myself, arms folded, sitting up near the corner in the back row, and casting a sophisticated glance over the camera-man. There are two pretty little girls sitting beside me, and why, I do believe, three more right in front of me. Yes, co-education must have been a success even in those days, twenty years ago, on the other side of the Atlantic puddle!

—PERCY A FIELD.

## RUGBY-STAR

(With apologies to Sir Walter Scott)

A young Rugby-Star is come out of the west.

Through all the wide city his car was the best,  
And save his good room-mate, he bother had none.  
He drove with one arm, nor drove he alone.  
So ardent in love, so brilliant in car,  
There never was a shiek like the young Rugby-Star.

He stayed not for centre, and he stopped not for end,  
He made a touchdown when time was at end,  
But ere he alighted at Pembina Gate  
The girl had a date, the hero came late.  
For a dumb-bell in love and a mean Rugby-fan  
Was to dance with the fair lady of young Rugby-Star.

So boldly he entered the Pembina Hall  
Among co-eds and he-men and brothers and all.  
Then spoke the girl quickly, her voice fairly cold  
(For the poor Rugby-fan had not any gold).  
"O go ye to the Rose-Room, or go ye to Tuck,  
Or to dance in the gym, oh, young Rugby-Star?"

"I long loved you truly. My bid you refused.  
Love flows like a river, but cannot be used.  
And now I am come to this lost love of mine  
To say but one parting, no longer you're mine.  
There are co-eds in Pembina more lovely by far  
That would gladly have a date with a young Rugby-Star."

One touch to a hand, one word to an ear,  
When he reached the hall-door and the auto stood near.  
So light to the wheel beside her he swung.  
So light to the wheel beside her he sprung.  
"She is left. We are gone. It serves her well right  
For ditching a date with a fellow on Saturday night."  
—Mr. H.

## QUITS

You said you loved me;  
Perhaps you did.  
If true it was  
Why did you leave me,  
Sweet?  
If you but played me,  
Consider this:  
I have loved before—  
My heart is whole,  
Cheat!  
—N.

## THE ALL-IN-ONE CLASS

Or A Constitutional Experiment  
By K.

"Too bad you didn't join the Juniors, Charley," remarked George one day. "Now you have to pay some perfectly good money to go to the Prom."

"What of it?" was the reply. "I'd as soon pay it for the dance as to the class anyway."

"Yeh, but now your money's gone and you're not a member, and where are you?"

"I've never had any desire to join any class—I prefer my own to any other."

"Why, what one?"  
"My own class, of which I am elected by myself president, secretary, treasurer, and three members of the executive. I find the strain of my various offices rather hard on me at times; but there are numerous compensations."

"Oh, really, Charley, you are straining my nether limb!" George replied.

"I'm not; it's all true; in fact I have a list of class regulations I can show you if necessary for your conviction. And that is something that no one of the other four classes has."

After much persuasion Charley left George's room, in which this revelation had taken place, and returned shortly with a neatly typewritten little booklet, ingeniously made by twice folding a sheet of writing-paper. George and I read as follows:

### Rules and Regulations of the All-in-One Class

1. Membership shall be restricted to all such university students of either sex as shall be resident in room 458 Assiniboia during the session 1928-29, shall be named Charles E. Delaware, and shall be twenty-one years of age on the 18th of February, 1929.

2. Membership fee shall indiscriminately be four and three-quarter dollars (\$4¾).

3. An executive body, consisting of president, secretary, treasurer, and three executive members, shall be elected every year on or before Nov. 22nd.

4. A judicial body consisting of judge, sheriff, two witnesses, and a jury of twelve, shall be elected every year on or before Nov. 22nd.

5. A legislative body consisting of the members of the executive, a leader of the opposition, and seven other members shall be elected every year on or before Nov. 22nd.

6. Other bodies shall not be needed.

### Minutes of First Meeting (Nov. 22nd)

Elections were held in Room 458 Assiniboia. Results were as follows: Executive President: C. E. Delaware. Votes for 1, votes against 0; majority, 1.

All other offices: C. E. Delaware. Votes for 1, votes against 0; majority, 1.

The newly-elected president at once assembled the legislative body, and it was moved that all meetings in future commence with the singing of: "Cheerio, cheerio, the multitude is now assembled." The motion was eloquently opposed by the opposition, but on being put to the vote was carried by a majority of one.

An independent member then moved that the sum of two dollars

and twenty-five cents (\$2¼) be offered as prize for the best short poem by any member of the class. The opposition made the amendment that the prize be increased to four dollars and seventy-five cents (\$4¾). The amended motion carried by a majority of one.

A member of the class called C. E. Delaware appeared and offered the following poem for the prize:

Mary had a little hubby,  
His cheeks were round and chubby,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
That chap was sure to know.

After much opposition by the opposing party a motion that this lyric be given the prize was put by the secretary, and carried by a majority of one.

The meeting ended to the familiar strains, "Cheerio, Cheerio, etc."

George and I read the pamphlet with great interest, and, I fear, in George's case, some jealousy; for I very shortly saw him go to his desk and start writing. In a moment he turned to us and accused Charley of breaking the rules of the Constitution by holding offices the total of whose points was three hundred and fifty, or three hundred more than he as a junior was allowed. Rather than commit so heinous a crime, Charley promptly set the wheels of the ponderous governing machinery of the All-in-One class in motion and dissolved the judicial and legislative bodies and abolished all offices in the executive except that of president.

## RUIN

On this plain  
Slumbers a city, lost and lone,  
Broken and scarred by tempests.  
Stone on stone  
To tell of builders who had lived,  
Had toiled, had died.  
Jealously crimson weeds  
Reach forth, their work to hide:  
The streets now stagnant pools,  
And flowers abloom  
Triumphing in their conquest  
Over house and tomb.  
The city cowers slumbering,  
Yet awaits a race of men  
Who will come, will build the torn  
walls,  
And tread her streets again.  
—O. R. W.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

me the necessary space in your correspondence column.

I am a senior student at this University, and on Saturday night last I escorted a senior girl student home from the Saturday night dance. I come from the same town as the young lady. I have known her all my life, and am an intimate friend of her parents, who repose implicit confidence both in their daughter and myself. To proceed:

After the dance, I suggested to my partner that we go to the Tuck for a little refreshment, and a talk—I hadn't seen her for several weeks. Believe me, sir, my surprise was unbounded when she replied, "I'm sorry, but I can't go. This dance lasted till eleven o'clock, so we can't go to the Tuck. If I do, I will be fined two dollars. It's a terrible thing to have to say, and almost does away with one's self-respect. But such is the case. And I can't afford two dollars to pay a fine. I may as well conform."

I was bouleversé, astounded. Here was a girl who expects to graduate in a few months to take an important place in the affairs of the province, who would be fined two dollars if she went to the Tuck at 11 o'clock, after a dance!

My friend continued, "Still, the girls made these rules themselves, you know."

In my opinion, the girls would go up in their own respect and in the respect of others, then, if they changed "these rules," and the sooner the better.

I think the question needs no further elaboration.

Yours sincerely,  
SURPRISED.

Editor, The Gateway.

A few stringent comments have been registered about the amusing

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series of articles on Palmistry. The very bitterness of the comment suggests that the persons responsible may be in a minority. However, some few seem to have been able to take the articles less seriously—and aren't protesting against a little lighter reading.

—X. Y. Z.

ALBERTA PLAYED  
MAGNIFICENT RUGBY  
IN FINAL STRUGGLE

(Continued from page four)

all six points for his own team, he decided to vary things a little and became directly responsible for the majority of Alberta's scoring. Twice during the game he was downed behind his own line, thus giving Alberta two points on rouges. And then, just after he had acquitted himself by making a beautiful run of forty-five yards around the right end for his team's only touchdown, he had some trouble picking up the Alberta kick, and in the attempt to return sent the ball right into the arms of Bill Siebert. The effect was instantaneous. Realizing that his moment had come, Bill push-faced his way gloriously through the whole team for the touch that put Alberta one up. But Fate was still against our poor "Cokey," for through him came the most unkindest blow of all. Just when U.B.C. was putting forth its most desperate effort to save the day, Shields hazarded a pass to Wentworth, did it badly, and as before related Timothy snatched it up and cinched the game.

It was a tough game for the U.B.C. to lose, after fighting inch for inch down the field. But who shall say the better team was not victorious!

## How Things Went

On the second B.C. down after the Alberta kick-off, Shields got away for 45 yards, only to pass badly to Wentworth, who, however, recovered. Grauer and Wentworth worked the ball up to the 30 yard line, tried a drop kick. The ball went into the stands, however, to count one point. B.C. 1, Alberta 0.

The balance of the play shifted from side to side until near the end of the quarter, when, finding himself on B.C.'s 25 yard line with less than three minutes to go, Hess attempted a drop kick. The ball went into the stands, however, to count one point. B.C. 1, Alberta 1.

## Second Quarter

Second quarter found B.C. on Alberta's 25 yard line. But they got very little nearer the deadline, Hess booting the ball well back whenever necessary. Continuing the aerial game, Hess returned one of Shields' offerings to that worthy behind his own line. Shields was promptly pinned for a rouge. B.C. 1, Alberta 2.

The half ended with no further change.

## Third Quarter

Hess and Shields staged a kicking duel for a good part of the third spasm. Finally, after a 55 yard boot by Shields, Alberta was caught offside and the ball passed to B.C. On the first down, Shields took a pass from Gittus and ran 45 yards around the right end for a touchdown. The convert failed. Alleged illegal running interference had something to do with this score, Timothy being clipped 10 yards behind his own line as he went to tackle Shields. B.C. 6, Alberta 2. Hall kicked to Shields, who fumbled. Trying to kick from

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## Schubert, the Father of the Song

By Margaret H. Gold Brine

The following short summary of the life and talent of Franz Schubert is all too small a tribute to pay on the centenary of his death to the genius of one of the greatest musical composers of all time. It is regretted that the complete feature cannot be included in this issue; but it will be concluded in the Christmas number.—Editor.

The school orchestra was practising. One of the big boys was the leading violin, and during a lull in the playing turned to see who it was playing behind him with such fine rhythm and with such a firm, true touch. It was only a little boy, new to the school, round faced, curly headed, with spectacles. His name was Franz Schubert, but he had already got a nickname, "The Miller," because when he came to be examined for entrance to the school he wore a light coat.

The leading violin, whose name was Spaun, later a fine musician, from that day befriended the little artist. Franz had great need of friends in those school days, for since it was thought proper to toughen boys by depriving them of all luxuries, Franz suffered from lack of food and heat even here at the Emperor's choir school. But he always had his beloved music and received excellent instruction in singing and playing. There were no lessons given, however, in the technique of composition, and this Franz had to pick up as best he could. For even at school he began to write—songs, piano pieces, string quartets and church anthems which were performed by eager school friends as fast as they were written.

His father was master of a parish school in Vienna, and devoted to music also. When Franz Schubert was home on holiday the father and three sons practised long hours at string quartets. They became well known, and played many of Schu-

bert's compositions in public, but still when the composer was twenty-five nothing was yet in print and his name was known to very few. No publisher would run the risk of printing any one of the numerous songs turned out so quickly from his facile pen.

## His Works

To earn a living he turned to teaching school, and spent three years under his father at this task, so irksome to his musical genius. After giving this up he earned a precarious living teaching music and selling some of his compositions for what they would bring. He wrote very rapidly, too rapidly. In March of 1815 he wrote the Mass in G, between March 25th and April 1st a string quartet in G minor; in May a symphony (his third) in D major; in June an entire opera; during six days in July another opera of which the libretto fills forty-two closely printed pages; on October 18th seven songs; on the 19th four more, and in between another symphony, four other operettas, two piano sonatas and one hundred and thirty-five songs, headed by the "Erl-King." One rubs one's eyes. Compared with Schubert's pen, Aladdin's lamp seems a poor affair.

Even when he actually began to publish, he had to content himself with ridiculous remuneration. Diabelli, who in forty years is said to have gained over ten thousand dollars on "The Wanderer," paid Schubert for the plates and copyright of that and nineteen other songs only three hundred and fifty dollars. In the composer's last year, when his reputation was made, he was paid a dollar and a quarter for six of his finest songs.

But if he was poor, he had at least the temperament and tastes suitable to poverty. Not even Mozart, whose character and destiny had much in common with Schubert's, was more light-hearted and easy-going. To drink his mug of beer and eat his sausage, play practical jokes with convivial poets and students, above all to fill reams of music paper with the melodies that were always flooding his brain—this was his conception of sufficing happiness. He was not at ease in highly cultivated circles. Beethoven, popular and moving at the top of the social scale in Vienna, had never even heard of Schubert. Then one day a friend took Schubert to visit Beethoven, but the younger man was so bashful that when the elder one asked him a question, instead of answering it on the writing tablet held out to him (Beethoven was deaf), he caught up his hat, rushed to the door and bolted. Later he got more courage, and as for Beethoven, when he was shown some of the songs, he said emphatically, "Truly, Schubert has the divine gift in him."

GIRL HOOPERS  
WIN TWO GAMES

Intermediates Defeat Hudson's  
Bay 19-8—Seniors Setback  
Gradettes 35-23

Tuesday night, November 27, the Varsity Intermediate Girls' Basketball team unwound a smooth brand of play against the Hudson's Bay, resulting in a score of 19-8 in favor of Varsity.

Winogene Brandow, for Varsity, in the forward line, was high scorer with 12 points to her credit. Margaret Kinney, on the guard line, turned in a very effective game, and although not scoring directly, was the pivot of many excellent combination plays leading to baskets.

Josie Kopta, at centre, also played a hard game, but had no luck in finding the basket.

The Intermediates are to be congratulated on their splendid combination game. Girls, we think you can come out on top of the league if you continue to show as much improvement each game.

The lineup:  
W. Brandow (12), Barbara Link (1), Josie Kopta (6), Vada MacMahon, Jean Miller, Ruth Sexsmith, Margaret Kinney, Lillian Jones.

Seniors Also Win

Last Saturday night the Varsity girls' senior basketball team met and defeated the Gradettes 35-23 in the gym. The younger and lighter girls had the greater margin of the play in the first half, but in the second spasm the Varsity girls, led by the famous Gladys Fry, put it all over the Gradettes, and emerged with a twelve-point margin. It looks as though the girls' hoop teams from the other universities in the west are going to have a tough time to wrest the Race Cup from Alberta.

The teams lined up as follows:  
Varsity — Palmer (6), Calhoun (12), Fry (17), Barnett, McMahon, Link, Kinney, Kopta, McIntyre.  
Gradettes—H. Stone (8), Coulson (1), E. Stone (4), Neale (6), Kinney (4), Belanger, Brown, Fuyar-chuk.  
Referee—Bill Pullishy.

## NO GATEWAY NEXT WEEK

There will be no issue of The Gateway next week. The Christmas issue will be published on December 14.

They tell us  
To tell you  
You tell them  
We told you  
Then they'll tell us  
To tell you  
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## YEAR BOOK DIRECTOR



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Who will manage the destinies of the 1928-29 Evergreen and Gold.

"OPERATORS" PLAY  
BIG PART IN MATH.

Prof. Morrison Gives Interesting  
Talk on Mathematical Mystery at Math. Club

The Mathematical Club held its regular fortnightly meeting on Tuesday, Nov. 27. After tea, Dr. Sheldon, president of the club, called upon Prof. Morrison for his paper on "Operators."

In opening his remarks, Prof. Morrison referred briefly to the difficulty he experienced in gathering material for a paper of this kind. He then proceeded to clear up the "mystery" enveloping his subject, the "operators" being not of the telephone or beauty parlor variety, but certain "things" which changed other "things" into something else. The wine and water miracle of the showman was given as an analogy which helped to make the subject more clear. Examples were then given of different kinds of operators, and their great importance in creating systems of algebra and abstract sciences in general was stressed. Owing to the great complexity of examples, Professor Morrison left untouched many fields in which operators are useful. So far there has been no adequate treatise on this very interesting subject. At the close of the paper a discussion took place among the members of the club. Professor Morrison was accorded hearty applause.

At the next meeting for the club a discussion as to the respective merits of Rote and Reason will be held—Dr. C. B. Willis upholding Rote and Mr. H. Balfour Reason.

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SWIMMING MEET  
TO BE HELD SOON

Members of Swimming Club  
Training Assiduously—  
Sprinters Needed

To the weekly meetings of the club at the Y.W.C.A. pool every Saturday, a large number of members are turning out. Training is done from 7 to 8 p.m., where Jim Crockett, well known Edmonton coach from the South Side pool, is instructing the boys. From eight to ten are the hours for pleasure swimming and diving practice.

## Lack of Distance Men

As for material, there appears to be a plethora of short dash men, but an alarming shortage of performers in the longer races, and such lack must be filled in soon; for the projected meet between the combined overtown pools and Varsity. It is hoped that the winners of this meet will be able to travel to Jasper for further opposition.

## Watch Ted Baker

Among those scintillants which Varsity boasts appears one Ted Baker, who is acquiring his stride, especially in the fifty yards. Several new athletes from the freshman ranks have appeared, and will undoubtedly furnish the odd dark horse.

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